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EDITORIALS

A CORK IN THE SHOTGUN—

Some time ago the President made dramatic appeals for price reductions. A short time later Newburyport, Massachusetts, blossomed forth with a spectacular program for cutting retail prices ten per cent. The merchants of that community voluntarily assumed the burden of arbitrary, across-the-board reduction, in the hope that the movement would snowball its way back to producers and manufacturers and gradually become nationwide. It was a brave attempt. The publicity was terrific. Everybody in the country soon heard of the Newburyport plan. But the grim reality of natural laws could not be sidestepped with a circus. The cost of the things that the merchants of Newburyport had on their counters continued to creep upward. People were still asking for wage increases. Many politicians were still thinking up bigger and better public spending schemes. Local groups across the country were still applauding appropriations from the public treasury for the home town. The two hundred and sixty billion dollar Federal debt with all of its indirect inflationary effects, sat like a block of granite across the path of the happy planners. The Newburyport plan died.

The retail distribution industry has been doing everything within its power to control prices. But in the light of present narrow margins, there is not much it can do to bring prices down. The source of the trouble goes back to spiraling government debt, spiraling wages, and finally the philosophy of grab that prevails in everything. Spectacular appeals to business and the Newburyport scheme are good publicity stunts—and that is all. For practical purposes they are about as effective as trying to stop the muzzle blast of a shotgun with a cork, after the trigger has been pulled.

THE RULES UNDER WHICH WE LIVE—

In a long editorial on the Senate labor bill, the New York Times said: "The history of this country has demonstrated that every so often one group or another has attained under the existing laws powers which threaten the preservation of our free society, and that the condition has been rectified by revising the rules under which we live."

There are two outstanding examples of that. Many years ago it became apparent that certain segments of American business had obtained monopolistic powers which threatened the common welfare. The people, acting through their Federal and local governments, corrected this through a long series of laws, beginning with the antitrust statutes.

The second example is in the headlines today. Labor is in much the same position as was capital at the turn of the century. A small number of labor leaders have obtained powers which are a direct and growing threat to all people of the country—including the workman himself.

A democratic country must correct these abuses—if democracy is to survive. The American people have had enough of labor monopoly, labor dictatorship, labor arrogance, labor terrorism. They have determined that no one shall have the "right" to deprive the country of essential goods and services by fiat. They have determined that the workingman shall have a free voice in the conduct of union affairs. They have decided that the closed shop is intolerable in a supposedly free country. This is not an "anti-labor" movement. It is a movement to force labor to accept responsibilities commensurate with its powers.

The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DREW PEARSON

Drew Pearson says: MRS. FARLEY WAS ONE CAUSE FOR RIFT WITH FDR. WILL CONGRESS SUPPRESS REPORT ON FASCISM? WHY TRUMAN CABINET URGED VETO OF LABOR BILL.

WASHINGTON—There is one thing genial, Big Jim Farley forgot to mention in his illuminating Collier's confessions on how he broke with Franklin Roosevelt—namely Mrs. Farley.

Bess Farley is a subject dear to Jim's heart and one which he doesn't like to talk about where the Roosevelts are concerned. But to those who watched Jim during the years he was in the

Furse's Fresh Flashes

Whatever else can be said about the Republicans, there are comparatively few of them we ever noticed on relief.

One Plattsmouth man said he was so sick with the flu that he looked every morning in the death notices for his name.

Buying at home is such good advice that one should be able to take it as well as give it.

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl," the wife called from the kitchen when she heard strange noises coming from the living room.

"No," was the reply from the husband, "but I've come close a couple of times."

A lady friend of ours reported they had only a temporary mortgage on their house as it only lasted until they foreclosed.

A game of baseball is like buckwheat cake. Its success depends on the batter.

A local lady wonders how her doctor found out. After diagnosing her case, he informed her that her illness was trifling.

Trying to buy a new auto here the other day a fellow was told, "H-- man, these cars don't grow on bushes." Perhaps not. But in our lifetime we've helped pull a number of them out of trees.

New Deal, it is inescapable that Bess played a major role in his gradual drift away from "the Boss."

Mrs. Farley hated Washington and never hesitated to say so. She also disliked the Roosevelts, and was almost as indiscreet in her remarks about them as she was about Washington.

She refused to live in the Nation's capital, in fact was the only cabinet wife who did not take her place here beside her husband. This forced Jim to be a commuter. At first he spent about five days a week in Washington, with two days in New York. Then he gradually drifted into spending about two days in Washington, sometimes less.

True, New York politics was important. Also Jim toured the country a great deal. But the job of running the democratic National Committee, plus being an adviser to the President ordinarily requires 7-days-a-week concentration.

And it frequently happened that when FDR called intimate conferences, Jim Farley wasn't around. He was up in New York with his family.

More important than this, however, in the final Farley-Roosevelt break was the constant poison which Mrs. Farley poured into Jim's heart, plus the fact that FDR couldn't help but know about this poison.

Once when the Farleys were walking down 5th Avenue in New York, Bess pointed to a big shiny black limousine.

"Look at that!" she said. "That's the kind of a car I would be riding in if you weren't working for the ingrate. Instead, I'm walking!"

Obviously, Jim couldn't maintain two establishments in New York and Washington on a cabinet officer's meagre salary; and the more he went into debt, the more Bess Farley demanded that he leave Roosevelt. She kept harping home the idea that Jim had made Roosevelt, that if it hadn't been for Jim there wouldn't be any Roosevelt, and that it was time Jim got away and let Roosevelt collapse.

So, afterwards, Jim Farley really got to believe that all this was true. That was one of the most important factors in the break between the once two great friends.

Note—Though Farley complained that he was not invited to the White House socially, the real fact was that Mrs. Farley was seldom in Washington. In addition, the Roosevelts knew all too well how Bess felt toward the President, and social gatherings under such circumstances don't flourish.

FASCIST REPORT SUPPRESSED—

Today the House Administration Committee will decide whether it is sufficiently interested in opposing Fascism to report to the full House of Representatives a recommendation to print a Library of Congress study of "Fascism in Action." So far the report has been blocked in Committee.

Last year, a report on "Communism in Action" was printed immediately. And, despite GOP economy talk, 48,000 copies were sent by GOP leaders to members of the Senate—and not at the Senator's request.

In contrast, some republican members of the Administration Committee oppose printing the report on Fascism on the grounds of economy.

However, at least three Republicans are anxious to vote for printing the exposure of Fascism: Robert Corbett of Pennsylvania, Walter Rielman of New York, and J. Caleb Boggs of Delaware.

On the other hand, at least two Democrats seem to feel that the book insults good Americans by identifying Fascism with race prejudice and the lawlessness of the Ku Klux Klan. They are: Toby Morris of Lawton, Oklahoma, and John Bell Williams of Raymond, Mississippi. Twenty-eight-year-old Williams, incidentally, served as a pilot in the American Army that fought Fascism—though he doesn't seem too sure Fascism should be fought here at home.

INSIDE LABOR BILL DEBATE—

Inside debate among the Truman cabinet regarding the Taft-Hartley labor bill started out with only two members vigorously opposed to the bill—Secretary of Labor Eschwellenbach and Secretary of the Interior Krug. It ended with most of them opposed.

One of the things that convinced them was a 5-point memo circulated by Schwellenbach. Before he went to Canada, Truman had asked the Cabinet to give him the benefit of their individual views in writing, and the methodical Secretary of Labor did a masterful job.

Another convincing factor was the testi-

One Way to Get Rid of a White Elephant



Gather Ye Rosebuds

By JEANNETTE COVERT NOLAN

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THE stairs were rather steep, the train of Rose's gown had a trick of winding around her ankles, Papa's gait was none too steady.

Halfway down the flight from the landing, Papa said abruptly: "Rose, you look beautiful. You remind me of a girl I used to—"

Sidney, teetering on high heels a pace ahead, said: "Hush! People can hear you!"

So Papa hushed, and they went on marching slowly and very un-naturally to the strains of Han-nah's music.

"TA-TAH-in-ta, Here COMES the bride—"

They were in the parlor now and, raising her eyes a little, Rose could see faces turned toward her; rather shimmery they were, but that was because of the veil over her own face. Mamma was standing with Beau, their arms linked, and these two Rose saw clearly.

Then Rose saw Jeff and, beyond him, Dixon—and for a flashing second, the veil or the sheen of candlelight, something made him look like somebody else, an unworthy somebody gone into the depths of shameful oblivion, never even to be thought of again. . . . Oh, no, this was really Dixon, so strong and safe, the man she loved, who would love and tenderly cherish her through all the days of her life.

They were halting in front of the altar, the wedding party in a small half-moon around the minister, who was opening his book.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

MAJOR CAMERON opened the door and stepped out upon the porch. Right in the middle of the preacher's unconsciously long-winded prayer, he had remembered that due to all the bustle in the early evening he had

neglected to bring in the Stars and Bars, displayed today in honor of President Davis, the anniversary of whose death it was. Disrespect to the flag and the prevailing excitement was no excuse. He looped the lovely silk over his arm and stroked it.

He stood on the porch, grateful for this momentary respite from his obligations as host. Inside, the guests had been served supper and were now sitting about chatting. Rose had gone upstairs to change into her traveling dress. From the landing she had thrown her bouquet, which was caught by Laura (of all people) much to everybody's amusement.

The Major sighed, recalling why Laura had come. An odd business, that. He could scarcely believe, even yet, that Mr. Milgrim and the young chap, Breen, could just melt away into thin air.

With Laura's arrival he had set forth on the errand of restitution, the cash in hand, or, rather, in satchel. Oh, the utter boredom of canvassing the route, stopping at all the villages, talking himself hoarse to yokels like Sylvester Atkins of Carp Creek and all the rest! To say nothing of the humiliation. But, to be frank, the humiliation had been less than he'd anticipated. Simple people, those Shenandoah investors, aware of his mastery, most of them praising him for his courage and integrity, several calling him a hero. As perhaps he was. . . .

THE door opened, someone was beside him on the porch. Mr. Thayer, his new son-in-law.

"I was looking for you, Major Cameron, to tell you goodbye and that I shall devote my life to the effort of making Rose happy. I know what your feelings must be at this separation, and I want to assure you that Rose will come back often to see you, and that

she and I will always be eager to have you and her mother, all the Camerons, in our home for as long as we can persuade you to stay."

The Major was quite affected by this declaration, he cast about for a proper reply. "Mr. Thayer—"

"Dixon, please."

"Ummm—Dixon—" He hesitated and rallied his forces, for he had something to say, too, a sort of speech he had been outlining, which should be said sometime, just to get the situation straight.

"I—ah—thank you for your understanding, sir; it does you great credit. And I may remark that the regret I feel at Rose's leaving us is ameliorated by my knowledge that she goes from my protection to another as solicitous. We are all very fond of you, umm, Dixon; you have endeared yourself to us. And that, I think, is in a measure because of our fundamental similarities. In breeding, background, the things which count.

"And on this subject, since we are now on terms of—umm—kinship, I should like to add that, though in recent years financial stress has restricted our mode of living, there was a time when the Camerons in Virginia were genteel folk of means, influence and distinction. Yes, sir. We had then such friends and conferees as are an ornament to any society—and to memory. In Myra, in my youth, I was boon companion to the Kittredges of Kingdon Manor, a clan as noble as—"

"The Kittredges!" Dixon said, interrupting.

"Yes, sir." The Major smiled in the darkness. The magic name could still invoke awe.

"My grandmother was a Kittredge," Dixon said.

"Your grandmother?" The Major stopped smiling.

"My mother's mother. She was Sophie Kittredge."

The Major repeated the words feebly: "Sophie Kittredge?" and then was silent.

This could not be. It couldn't! But it was, and the Major knew at last that it was, and he smiled again and softly stroked the beautiful banner he held in his arms.

THE END

Edson's Washington Column

BY PETER EDSON NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D. C.—(NEA)—The Senate Foreign Relations Committee may be taking President Harry Truman off of a barbed and rusty hook by refusing to do anything about confirming former Attorney General Francis Biddle for the \$20,000 a year tax-free job as U. S. representative on the UN Social and Economic Council, to succeed John G. Winant.

The President nominated Biddle for this job last January. Republicans in the Senate gave it silent treatment for a few months. Then the President was asked to withdraw the nomination. He refused, and another showdown fight such as the President had with Ed Pauley became necessary.

Under urging from Democratic Senators Alben Barkley of Kentucky and Tom Connally of Texas, Chairman Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan agreed to have Biddle before the Foreign Relations Committee to explain his political views. Biddle is reported to have let on that he wasn't the 100 per cent New Dealer he was supposed to be—even though it was known that he and Harold Ickes were ringleaders with the CIO-PAC in supporting Henry Wallace for vice president at Chicago in 1944. Biddle's defense was that he had opposed Roosevelt's court-packing plan and the NRA.

WHAT Harry Truman knows—what every senator who served under his chairmanship on the War Investigating Committee knows—is that if the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had to go into an all-out investigation of the former attorney general, it would have to dig up a lot of skeletons.

Twice before congressional committees have been on the verge of investigating Biddle's administration of the Department of Justice in wartime. Both cases were outgrowths of the Norman Littell affair of 1944.

Littell had been assistant attorney general in charge of the lands division under Biddle, Frank Murphy, and Bob Jackson. Littell had given of the record testimony to the Truman committee on a number of cases handled by the Department of Justice—the Breakers Hotel case, Sterling Products, Empire Ordnance, Savannah Shipyards, Elk Hills, Canol Pipeline, and surplus property disposal. All were notorious scandals of the early war years.

The brunt of Littell's testimony reflected no great credit on Biddle. In fact, they attempted to make much of Biddle's close connections with Tommy Corcoran. Corcoran and associates represented Sterling Products, Empire Ordnance and Savannah Shipyards among others.

FOR his testimony before the Truman Committee, Littell was accused of disloyalty to the attorney general, who asked for his resignation. When it was refused, Biddle carried the case to the White House. President Roosevelt settled it by firing Littell.

Democratic Sen. Harley Kilgore of West Virginia and other members of the War Investigating Committee favored opening up the whole case and doing a job on Biddle, to purge the party. But Harry Truman had in the meantime been elected vice president and Sen. James M. Mead of New York had succeeded him as chairman of the War Investigating Committee. Not wanting to wash his party's dirty linen in public, Mead dropped the issue.

Littell was, therefore, made the goat. He went into private law practice in Washington and is apparently doing all right at it. Also, he is entitled to the last laugh in the situation.

When Roosevelt died, Truman—knowing all this background—lost no time in accepting Biddle's resignation which had been submitted as a formality. But then the pressure began to be applied to Truman to find Biddle another job. He was given temporary work as a Nuremberg war crimes trial judge. Now he needs another. Only out for the President now is to have Biddle ask that his name be withdrawn, and go to work in private law practice, as his predecessor Homer Cummings has done.

her brother and sister-in-law, cently of his sister, Mrs. Guy Mr. and Mrs. Charles Petersen, Griffin and Mr. Griffin.

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